

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Nosed Up"

And in from the door steps a dumbass struts the fool's gold  
Know-it-all, and you wear it well  
Funk-less in full length  
Too square to stand for anything  
Somebody get that man a chair

*[Posdnuos:]*

No matter where you opt to sit, the opposite-attract law don't fit  
Repel even the docile  
Always showing your nostrils, got em hostile  
The way you're so uppity, till someone barks on ya  
You get puppy feet  
Quite a laugh, cause you don't know half, but act like you own a puzzle  
And everyone allegedly under you, begging just to guzzle from your fountain of fresh  
(Hashtag)

Fuck outta here, they rather stay clear  
Roll up the papers and pass  
While you turn your nose from the smell  
Like Stanley on Fridays  
Saying we should stay off the grass  
As if the lines you sniff is more healthy  
Delusions of prestige is not where the health be  
B, you need to get it together  
But nah, here comes you, part Frank Drebin, part Mr. Magoo  
Stay stepping into trouble  
Oh so [?] when you're repping for your bubble  
But bubbles can get popped, exposed to reality  
Watch the words that drop  
There's not enough salary to cover the check  
'Fore you're behind on cash  
People can see you coming like 9/11 ash  
Toxic till your last days  
And with your shady maneuvers  
No one will include you where they ass stays

Behold your royal highness of sinus  
It's near 100 miles of running cause your nose needs plumbin'

Captain Nose-dive reporting for duty on the good ship Handkerchief, all aboard  
And that goes for you too, Nostril-damus

He who knows nose  
And from the from the rooty to the tooty he defines snooty  
Somebody asked me the other day is the brother a brother  
Does Kleenex wipe?  
Yeah I see that

[Dave:]

Like you got one eye on top of your third  
A star is born but whose claimin' that birthright  
At first sight you the well dressed Park Ave sachet  
Acclimated to the scent of your own tail (the bullshit)  
The same bull that rage when the buck stops  
You'll be walkin' on clouds but that's a smoke machine  
See your dineros can't buy bliss, you high fist then  
Turn into you flippin' the bird  
And every man under your wing  
You build your nest egg but you was spoiled rotten  
Forgotten you can get robbed of your fame  
Beak out like pelicans  
You relishin' the fact that you stand feet from stardom  
You bargain astonishin' antiques in this modern way of livin'  
So tight and not a half size forgivin', you takin' the piss  
You got a butler in duplex  
Them two Tecs and our God won't protect ya  
Can't stay in them white gloves for too long Mr. Handyman  
Canaries don't chirp in your candy land  
Give them motherfuckin' pigeons a hug

And then he strolls through the valley of dark  
Nincompoop, simpleton  
Stranger to his own father  
Seldom down to get down

And just never stays up  
Well, I'm yours son  
We talkin' up there like a satellite

Species: canis lupus, unfamiliar  
What's happening, dog?  
You smell more like pig to me

La-la-la-la-la  
Do-do-do-do  
Be careful with your nose bro  
La-la-la-la-la  
Do-do-do-do  
Be careful with your nose bro  
La-la-la-la-la  
Do-do-do-do  
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